# SHAZZBUTT!

#8 $1.00

# SHAZZBUTTI

## Number eight

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me in Seattle
frontside 180

lake sure to send letters to
ark Novotny,
not Shazzbutti it makes it easier
for me to
sign for mail at school

# i-n-t-r-o-d-u-c-t-i-o-n

Don't call skateboarding a sport. Narrow definations for a world obsessed with keeping things in tidy well labeled boxes. An art form, a crime, an exercise in imagination and play. It's the enemy of capitalism, like all art is, or should be if done right. All acts should result in the end product of joy, not money.

/skateboarding/"appears to serve no known purpose in like and does nothing to raise national productivity"/Jane Haas in Skateboarder v6 no. 6, 1980/. We are the rejected. Now flashed on Bagel Bites commericals and video games Millions of dollars thrown around when years before /and still/ outlaws. Among other roles I've played-explorer, showman, vandal, philosopher, child, landscaper, thief, athlete, architectural enthusiast, artist, chaufer, master debater, track star, defendant. All of these have given various adventures too many to recall. A reason to get out of the house and to travel leds to a world

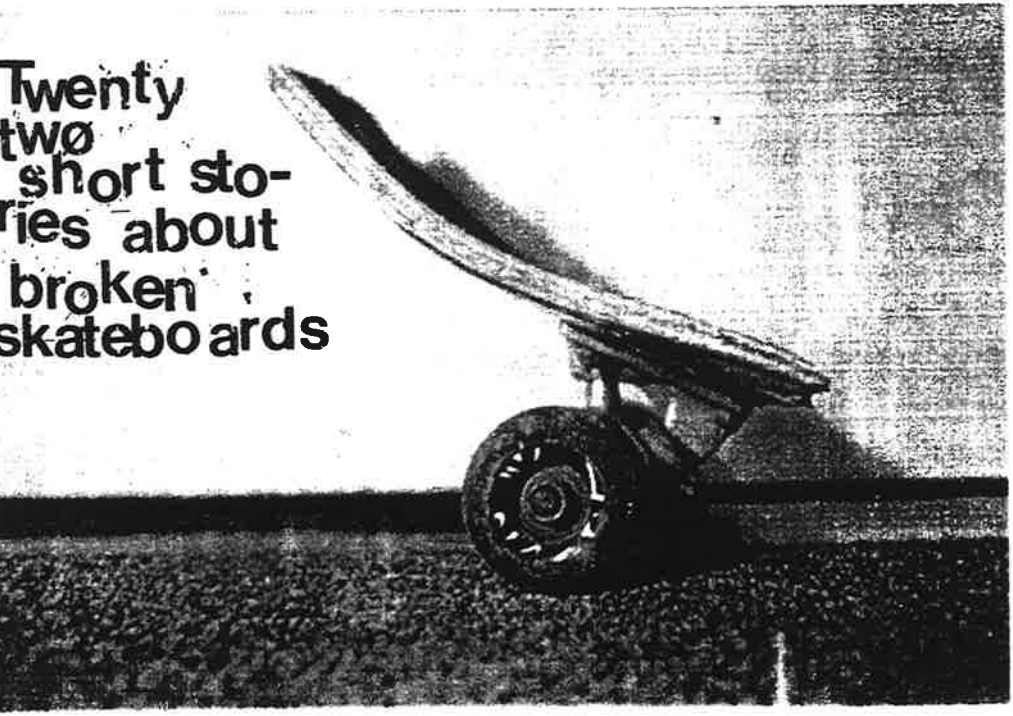
of possibilities. I'll be breath-
ing life into the dead streets
long after rush hour. Skate at
night while the sedated robots
are watching TV, addicted to the
news, work, and perscription drugs.
Outside my house trying flip trick
tricks, admist the wasted life of
suburbia. blue glows huddled in
corners of windows act as their
poison. The simple aesthetic of
catching a kickflip delivered me
from all of this. Ridiculous. No,
it offers nothing. No end result
to sell. Indescibable love of
movement. Like the breaking of
glass, that crack, the complicated
notion of the motion of unobstru-
cted freedom. No more foolish
than putting a ball in a hoop. But
I didn't need a fuckin coach or a
team to bring me up. Skateboarding
offered by my own terms. Less
damaging than competition. The
addition of multiple people
brought nothing but
friendship. No imaginary enemies
~~the~~ from some school we'd never
been to. Save that shit for the

army. Our real enemies were the cops and boredom. I didn't have anyone to beat, just people to support me. Set against my own limitations to see how far I could push it in any direction I wanted. The anti-thesis to their world. Against evrything they created. Capitalism forces architecture into crappy q uickly made, unimaginative boxes. But for every slip up of a bench too close to a hip or a ledge next to some stairs Your inconsistances are our gifts. Well take your stale death and grind the fuck out of it. Sometimes structures are so awe inspiring I wonder if they built them for us. Shooed off by cops and suits prove otherwise. Complicated hedge mazes, neatly trimmed gardens and buildings built taller and taller in the I7 th Century were meant to show man's dominance over nature. It continues to this day with sky scrapers and giant Walmart parking lots. Ruining their monuments shows my contempt for them ruining a perfect world.

Jon Arturi-Benelas at the Range Rover Dealership

Jon Arturi-Benelas at the Range Rover Dealersh

# Twenty two short stories about broken skateboards



# NUMBER ONE

My first real skateboard outside of the one Variflex I had in the 5th grade, which was mostly used on makeshift ramps on my driveway while listening to Iron Maiden, was a Counterfit. I was introduced to and immersed in punk rock for about 6 months, so I decided to save up 85 bucks and send it into one of those crappy Black and white ads in the back of Thrasher for a complete. Counterfit basically just sold blank decks with a big sticker/they didn't even screen the decks/ which would parody a name brand product. My catlyst was my friend Matt Bober who is still fantastic to this day. Though he moved away and had a string of girl problems, I still run into him. Last time he was doing a 360 flip, no comply with a body varial all in one trick. insane. He destroyed anything in his path and is one of my favorite skaters to this day. He was the one responsible for me trying weak ollie up curbs. The learning process had begun. 2 of my friends, Bill Amos[1] and Eric Larimer[2] had started too, so we would all go out together. Our sessions

in those days included weak 180s, a multitude of shove-its, and boneless variations. We learned 50-50s at a bank down the street from Eric's, where my friend John[3] worked. It had a sidewalk that dipped down so all you had to do was ride onto the

1. Bill Amos(AKA Bill Anus, though he hated to be called that) was a gangly, pale faced kid who after one semester of high school decided to transfer to a boarding school in another state after a minor falling out with friends. I wasted a lot of time with the kid, he used to be pretty cool. His worst feature was that he was weak willed and was always afraid to join in on various adventures. In later years, he stopped skating and lost the edge. He morphed into a real shitbag overnight, getting girls drunk and taking advantage of them.

2. Eric Larimer was a rad kid, he joined Bill in boarding school half a year later because of failing grades. Eric was one of my best good friends. We had quite the capers in our day. After school, at his house (which was full of piled up mail and papers, we spraypainted his room and the TV was left on for months at a time) would be filled with punk film festivals, flinging underwear from the gutter at cars, chasing jr. high kids with sky poles, and bumper pool. Bumper pool soon ended after we broke a window in the front room which smelled of cat piss. Eric had a cat that they never saw, but food was eaten and shit was left around the house. I vaguely recall seeing it in the middle of the night while sleeping over, I think. Eric's dad was a businessman that we saw a little more than the cat. Charlie Larimer was a civil war buff who was writing a novel and keep his Playboys under his copy of Chess Digest.

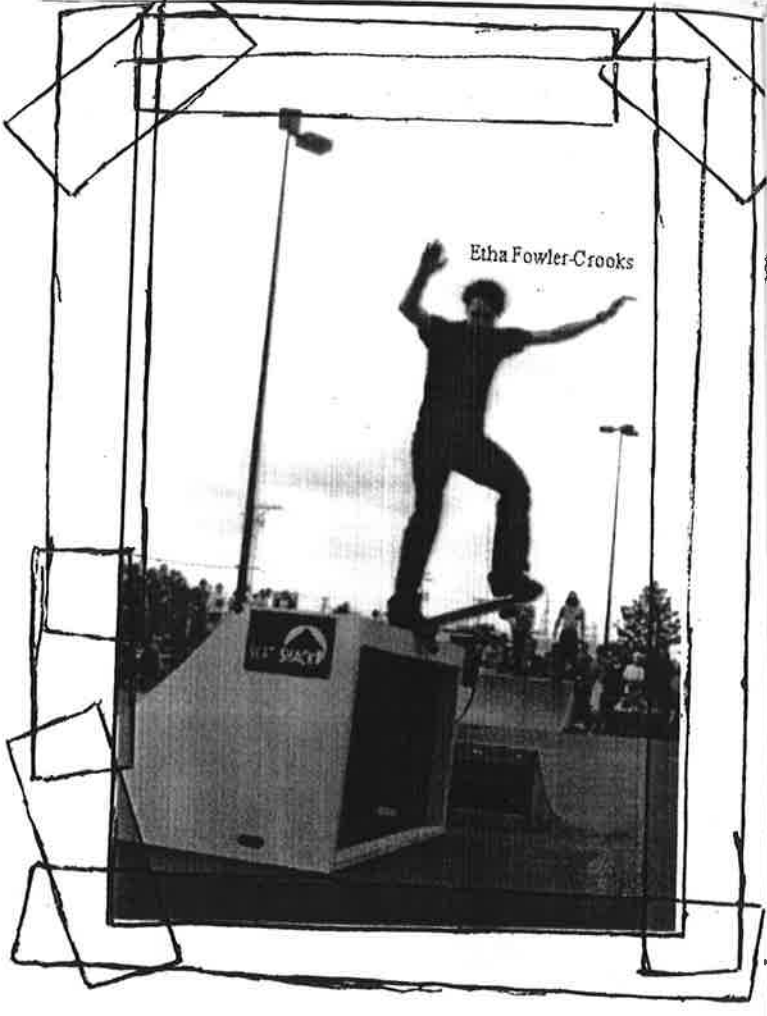
3.One day they brought him a hammer and a big box full video tapes, about the whole 2 front seats or a car. They were surveillance tapes that couldn't be recorded over, so John spent the whole day in the basement smashing tapes. He'd make huge stacks and hammer them or knock them across the room then chase them down "You thought you could get away?" John also played in the band Suburban Refugee

curb. Skill does not contribute to how much fun you can have. We were fuckin die hard in those days. We'd go out anytime we could. It would be the middle of winter and snowing, but the streets were ours, even if they were mostly slush. Our boards warped from being wet all the time. My first skateboard cracked doing a boardslide and bomb drops. The trucks cracked too since they were really shitty and generic. The deck was a slick and became two pieces days later, it was Kasmir Polaski day,

BEAUTY CONTEST WINNERS- Bill, Mark, Eric

# TWO

MY NEXT DECK WAS A
NEW SCHOOL WRAN-
DON CARRAWITH THE
MCBAN GRAPHICS I
BOUGHT HOFF ERIC. IT
EN THE GOTA NEW DECK
IT BROKE ON THE 4TH
OF JUY SUMMER GOING
INTO SENIOR YEAR. WE
WERE AT BILL'S HOUSE I
LIKED HANGING OUT T
BECAUSE HIS SISTER
WAS REALLY HOT. THAT
DAY BILL WAS TRYING
TO BUILD A RAIL OUT OF
PVC PIPES AND GLUE
AND I THINK SOME NAIL
IT WAS A REALLY BOTCH
ED EFFORT. BORDERLINE


Etha Fowler-Crooks

Won this deck by filling out a raffle ticket at Coconuts music for Warp Tour tickets. They called me up after I forgot all about it and told me I had won a skateboard. I didn't skate at the time so it just sat in my room. Basic was a small crappy company that put a lot of pop culture graphics on their decks. Like Pamela Anderson and comic book characters, stuff you think looks cool in the 8th grade cause youre stupid and you don't know any better. Mine had a Sublime logo on it. It cracked doing a gap the day before Eric Larimers 16th birthday. I borrowed a deck. It was his super duper kingsized Birthday XXXtravaganza, the name got longer each time we said it. It was his journey into Manhood, Manhood being the DeKalb DMV. His mom was a professor there, so we got up at 7:30 to skate the campus and take his test. His mom taught Health or whatever, so she had all this stuff in her office closet. A fake book, supposed to add that you were

baking powder to to fell realistic. She also had a fake penis on a board it was supposed to be a how to put on a condom display and came with a syringe and hose so that water could come out of the pee pee. It was awesome. Wed hang it out the window and squirt peolpe. We even opened the door and hung the dick out and shoot people walking by. No one really seemed to mind getting winer juice on them. What an open enviroment collge is, I thought to myself. We put up a sign on her door that said Gone Drinkin and destroyed the campus. After the license we burned through the cornfields we had a to do list and people to pick up. Go-Karts, Mini golf, bowling, etc, we didn't got to half of it. Once assembled, Larimer almost bottomed out the car, I think it was my fuzzy dice gift that saved us. We want to get our driving aggression out of system at the Go Kart track. It was just us and some family. The

guards werer t even watching. It was a destuction derby. It was brutal the way we knocked the crap ut of that family. Total Massacre I was so proud I went for a victory lap screaming and waving at my imaginary fans. Eric parked his kart sideways into the entrance, he got it in the most inconvienant position. People were yelling at us but we hopped fences to the car and threw pop cans at them and on the course. As we drove off into the horizon I knew that inside we would be changed forever.

7. Go-Karts at Jus Fun got to be ridiculous. We would always keep riding until they had t turn the carts off. Once a guy tried to chase down Rob and almost got run over, while screaming "Get out of the cart, asshole" Another time I didn't have any money so Bill and Eric decided to split my fare if I drove with my eyes closed. I made it one and a half times around, scraping the walls like crazy. But there was this S curve in the track. I crashed perpendicular into it. I crushed my balls good. When I opened my eyes, there wa an attendent over me. "Alright, your turn is done, drive back to the entrance...with your eyes open!"

# FOUR

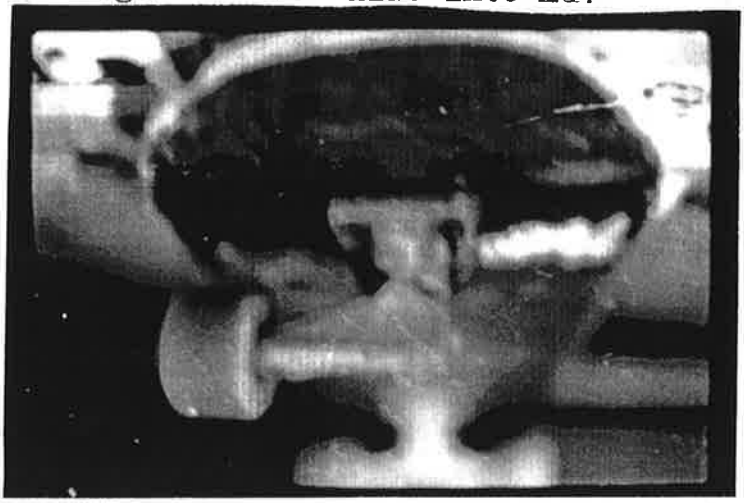
A Tabias Walker, Invisible that I got from Kevin Kaczmarczyk[8]. It just broke in front of my house doing a regular flat ground shove it. I lived on free decks and hand-me-downs. I'd like to thank anyone whose ever given me a deck, it's kept my broke ass skating. It's a simple gift that has brought me weeks and weeks of joy. I was watching some Xtreme sports TV show where a S. American kid bolted 2 broken decks together, It was thick as hell but he was still doing boardslides with it. It was so rad. Ive always ridden them till they cracked. Never just throw away a deck. I remember once Bill Anus just

:. Kevin was a really goofy kid who was sort of dumb. But we hung out with him cause ie was a good kid. A lot of people just hated him. He didn't know how to act cool and vas always messing up. But then again we were all goony punk kids, who else were we upposed to hang out with? Years later, I heard he committed suicide, but that turned out o be a wild rumor. One time while we were playing Marco Polo at the pool at Eric's Mom's house(a delightful place to relax after a day of skating), we ran out and hid in ront of the house. When Kevin got out to look for us, we splashed back in and onvinced him we were underwater the whole time.

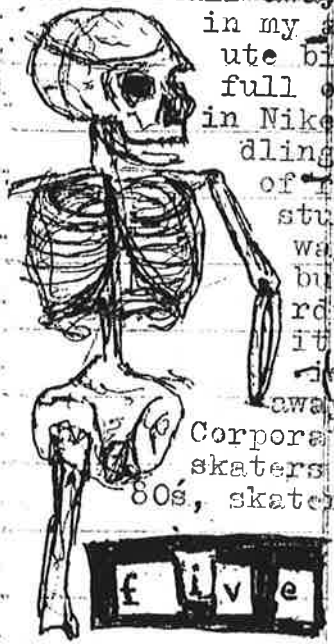
decided to break his deck, put his fo
through it. He wasn't pissed off, he
was just sick of it. He wouldn't even
let me buy it off of him. It was in
great shape. Not beaten up or anythin

I never understood why people would

focus decks. It totally blew my mind.
how could he waste something that had
brought so much life into me?



Back in the day, there weren't as many skateparks, which means a lot when those midwest winters come. The closest one was about 40 minutes away, and another one was about a hour and a half away. Now there are 2 in my area, within a 10 minute bike ride away. They're full of dumb 8 year olds in Nikes and Old Navy piddling around with a foot of fun up to a rail, too stupid to get out of the way. Directionless as butterflies. Skateboarding isn't the threat it once was. Skating isn't bringing kids away from the mainstream. Corporations are making skaters come to them. In the 80's, skaters campaigned to keep it out of the Olympics. Now skate shoes can be found in all the major




9. The one 40 minutes away was Air Lair. Once we went there and there were just pools of blood everywhere. Seriously like a puddle 10 feet wide. Cops swarmed the place. It really freaked us out. What happened was that 2 rollerbladers got into a fight about a fleece they both claimed was theirs. One of the kids had a shank(a crudely fashioned

department stores and lingerie catalog A spokesman for Vans was quoted as saying "We have to market the idea that these sports can be done at top level only in the best facilities, in specially designed skateparks and not on street corners. The streets are our colorful history, our romantic tradition, but the future is high-tech and high-performance in an architecturally imaginative location near a mall" Pure Bullshit. Skateparks are a way to control the youth gone wild. If the city builds a skatepark, sure I'll take advantage of it, it'll give me the practice I need to fuck up your curbs and destroy your concrete wonderland. Who wants to corprate sponser destruction? Kids are missing the point. What happened to the days of 8th graders w/ huge mohawks and when they couldn't skate because of a broken leg, hobbled down main street shooting out windows?[10] Skateboarding along with punk rock was

instrument used for stabbing, usually found in prisions) on him. Who the fuck goes to grab their goddamn ankles with a knive? The other kid got taken away in an ambulance. A couple days later I went back and it was as though nothing ever happened. I started to talk to one of the guys who worked there about it. The kid got stabbed like 7 times and the employees had to tackle the stabber from behind.

10. This was an actual kid, when he came to the police station he shit in his own hand and then threw it at the building.

always a haven for kids who didn´t
fit in with the cool guy cliques
and figured out it wasn´t worth it.
They were smart, creative dorks. Now
more and more jock kids are walking
around with skateboards to look cool
and doing weak ollies "Did all 4
wheels get off the ground?"
5 years later the kids who~~xxxx~~
wanted to kick your ass will be
wearing a watered down version of
your clothes. And so it gets worse,
jean cargo pants, cheesy alien t-shi~~ts~~
rts or worse yet Amber- crombie

skateboarding shirts with
that faded-I-bought-this -at-a-thrift
store-look-but-it-really -cost-25-
dollars. The result is freedom and
creativity for sale. Rage against
the Machine, The Matrix, Sprite ads
selling you your rebell- ion of an
oppresive world in order to pacify (
you. My junior year in high
school, it was totally Us verse
Them. All I listened to was Scre-
eching Weasal and Look- out! stuff.
I don´t know what prom was like, but I

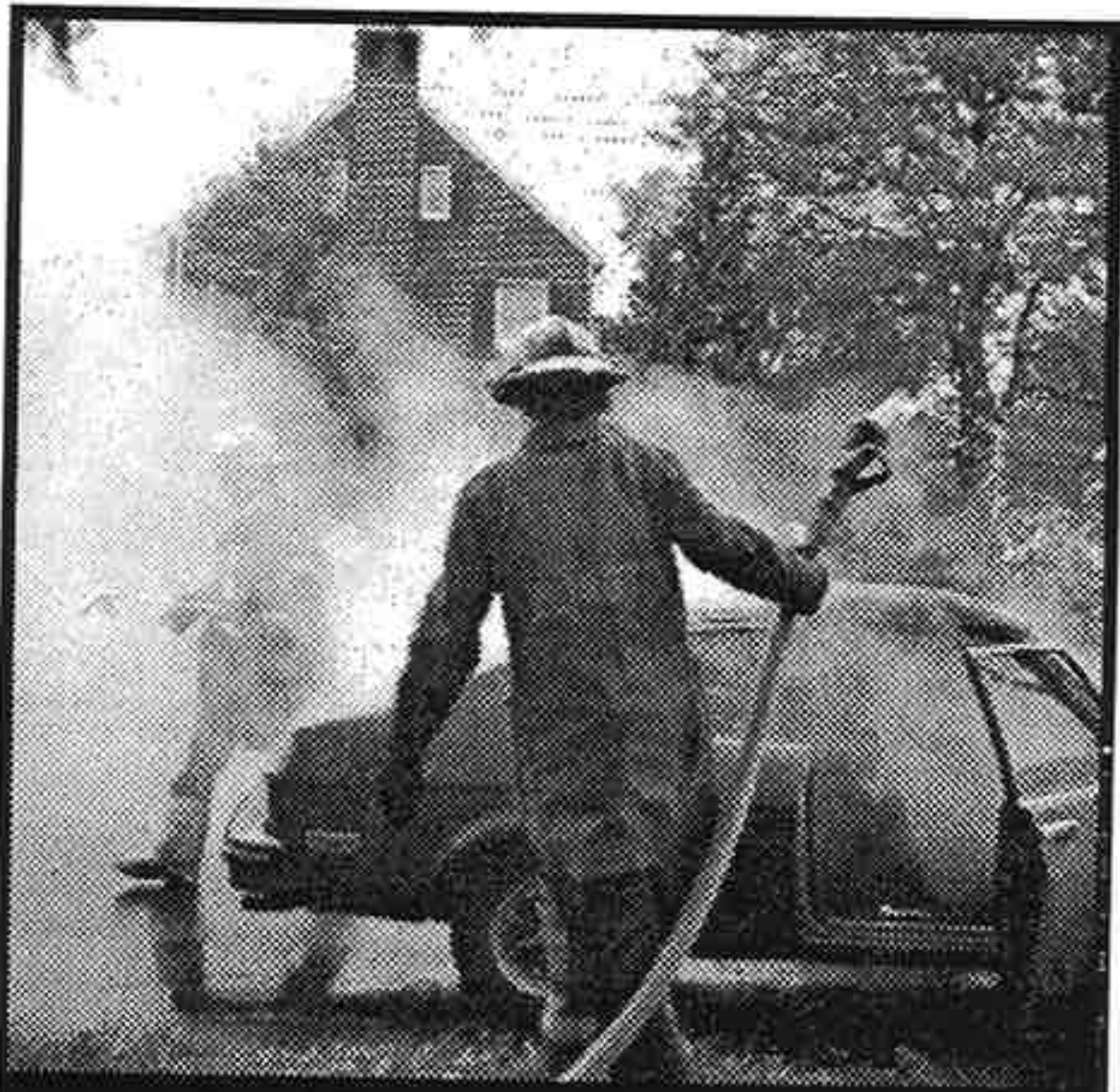
The Gonz →

do know that I went skating that day.

"JUST THANK GOD, THEY DON'T HAVE GUNS" - George Bush, Sr. Regarding skate boarders

My 5th skateboard was a Mark Gonzales pro model from Real. I actually bought this one. The tail snapped off while doing a drop off at Air Lair. I tapped it back together and was still doing noseslides. Some kid asked me what was up with my deck and I told him I bought it like that. Jon Arturi [11] was doing noseslide and tailslides in one on two griders placed next to each other. I tried and finished off the deck. After wards we went to the Silver Flash Grill, the fries weren't that good.

11. Jon Arturi was one of my best friends for a while. We were a lot alike. We skated together pretty much everyday in the summer. It got to the point where he would never call anymore. His parents divorced during this time, but he never really told anyone. As a result we grew apart. I miss the kid. We're still friends, but not as close. I still see him around and we play dodgeball together.



FUGAZI

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| 40. MINOR THREAT | CD has every song! | | Ⓔ |
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*regular CD, price Ⓓ / †Cassette, price Ⓒ / **CD single, price Ⓖ

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# SIX

I got this deck from Ryan K. Who was the younger brother of a friend of mine the son of one of my teachers. He wanted it to be buried at the Village Club. It contained extra decks. I left, went going on to his house cause his dad hurted me. I broke this deck on the Harley's tour. It was Mr. Carliner Arthur Ames. A whole bunch of other kids. We all got hawaiin shirts the 1st day of spring break. There was a Mardi gras/Hawaiian show that night. We were drinkin

12. The Village Club was a building with 4 bowling lanes in the basement. Every Saturdi
we'd be there for dollar bowling, free shoes, free billards, free snacks. It was the greates

John Brija was the kid who bought the shirts.
John was bought w/ the S on one
sleeve for it said Hardcore in the
middle. We all hopped in cars & headed
out to a middle school in Hinsdale.
There were like 25 little shits there
anyway as all hell. We tried the 4 skin
boys during the warm up. Some of us
didn't realize it on our 1st try & these
kids were all I can think to proceeded
to throw themselves down the stairs like
they before they pulled it to show they
were better than us. "You skate here
everyday you little fucker." Then they

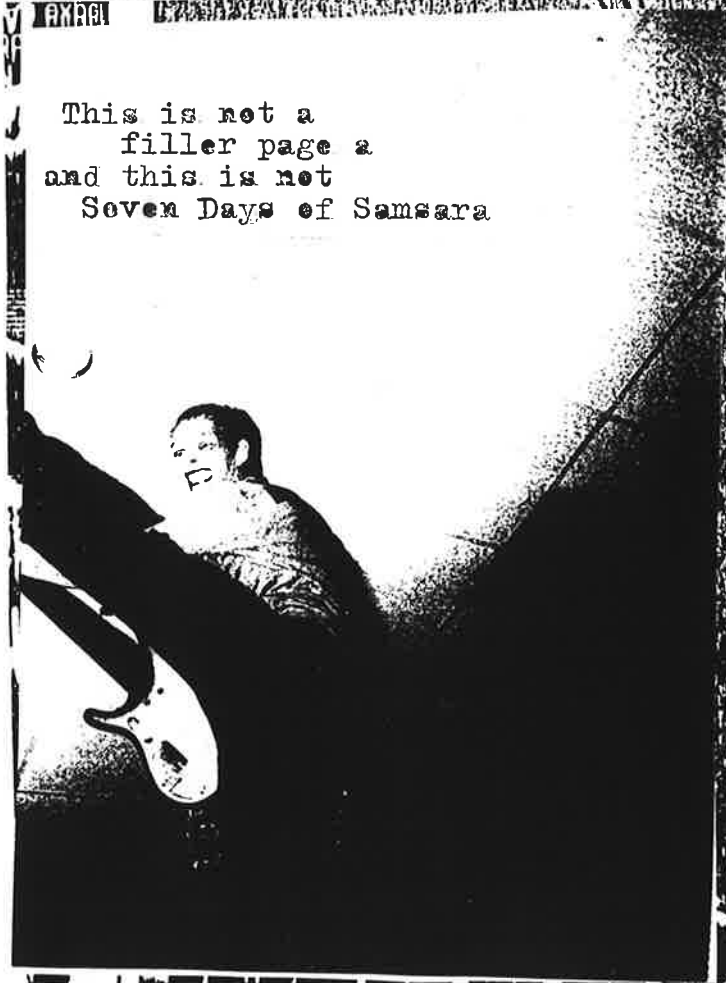
13. John Brija was the kid who bought those SXE basketball jerseys and T-shirts that said shit like Enjoy Straightedge in the Coca Cola lettering. We'd always tell him "It's a lifestyle choice, not a fashion statement". He lost the edge and stopped skating. We really didn"t hang out outside of goping to skate. He always listened to Victory bands or techno/rap songs by guys with lisps singing (to the same beat over and over) about "ass a

(Skea's if we were on tour. We told them we were
sponsored by Hurley. They kept bugging us. An
8 yr. old Rollerblader kept asking if he could suck
my dick. Really. What's wrong w/ kids today? I
never ~~[illegible]~~ Siss mouthed the older kids. I was
afraid to get my ass kicked. hmmm... I should
start breaking some school kid's arms. Put a little
fear into them. Raise them right. - Actually I dig
kids, but the ones that I met skating are always
jackasses. I cracked my deck going down stairs &
threw it around & yelling fuck a bunch of times, it
shut them up at least. Will Doran[14] sold me a blank he had.
We drove to the show, throwing fruit pies at each other
& fucking w/ each other's cars at the stoplights. I
won't go into details, but fun was had. shit was busted
& crap was thrown. But a jock in an Earth Crisis
shirt ruined the show by pushing a girl into the Moonymers.
Moshing it up w/ his bros & hair gel.

Brija, 5-0 grind

14. Will Doran wrote excellent articles for SBI #2 and 3.

This is not a
filler page a
and this is not
Seven Days of Samsara



messing it up w/ his bros & hair gel.

# Seven

This one was a blank slick just like my first. This one never broke. I just beat it to shit. It had no concave on one end and I noseslid through the xx slick layer to the wood. I had pieces of broken decks longer than this one.

I believe it was blessed by a signature by none other than Duke Lullie. I went to Cicero with my friend Rob[15] to go see his little sister's softball game. cause they were in the semi-finals or

15. Rob Orth was a good friend of mine who skated occasionally. Rob liked to get naked and jump off roofs into swimming pools or on top of people at parties. It was awesome cause it made them so uncomfortable. He was also part of our unforgettable breakdancing crew Corey and the Coromatics. He started smoking pot more and hanging out less.

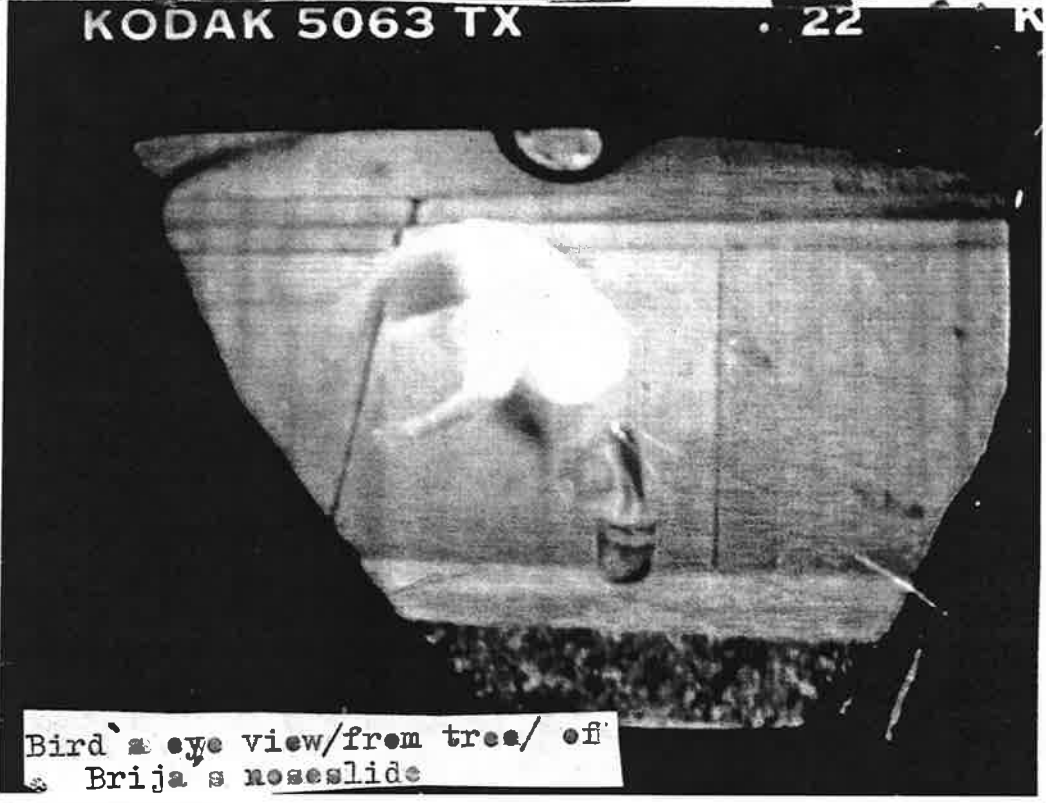
something like that. As we watched, I commented on the odd street sign, Duke Lullic Lane. Little did I know."

"That's the Duke" a bystynder interr-uptedas he pointed to the refferee. Duke Lullic was a little league base-ball empire for some 40 odd years, he even had his own rule written into the little league rule book, something about chanting. I was in awe. He was a short, pudgy hard faced man with a stern nose, just as you would expect him to be. Even though our team lost we respected his call and keep others in line. "Hey, that's the Duke you're talking to. Watch it" The baseball field had a giant concrete hip next to the stands, so after the game we skat-

ed it and ran to get the Duke's auto-
graph. He asked why we wanted him to
sign skateboards. We told him we enjoy-
ed skating his street. Made sense, I
guess. As he signed "Best Wishes, Duke
Lullio", he kidded with us that his
uncle always told him to sign his name
really big so that people will think
yeure important or have a lot of money
That Duke, a true prince of a man if th
there ever was one. We went back to ska
skating as evryone left. This mexican
guy on a ten speed rode up and kind of
hid out as police sirens passed. It
was suspicious. We ended up talking to
him. He had just moved from California

and was telling us about skateboarding there. "These guy s jump high", he peinted chest level. He asked us if

Guns n'Roses were still cool/note this was before the whole wave of it being cool/funny to like nostalgic cheese metal. I never listened to that stuff as a kid. New Wave all the way. Besides G n'R were racists anyway and Axel was a total diva/ He also asked if he could ride his bike in the snow. I told him people taped snow shovels to the front tire when they rode. He had been smoking a joint and offered us some. I said I would but I had just smoked my 666th one and didn't want to ruin the high. Plus it was laced with LSD so when I missed a trick I would really play it up like I was spaced out. I ran around like a lunatic claiming to see the guy from all those Iron Maiden album covers.

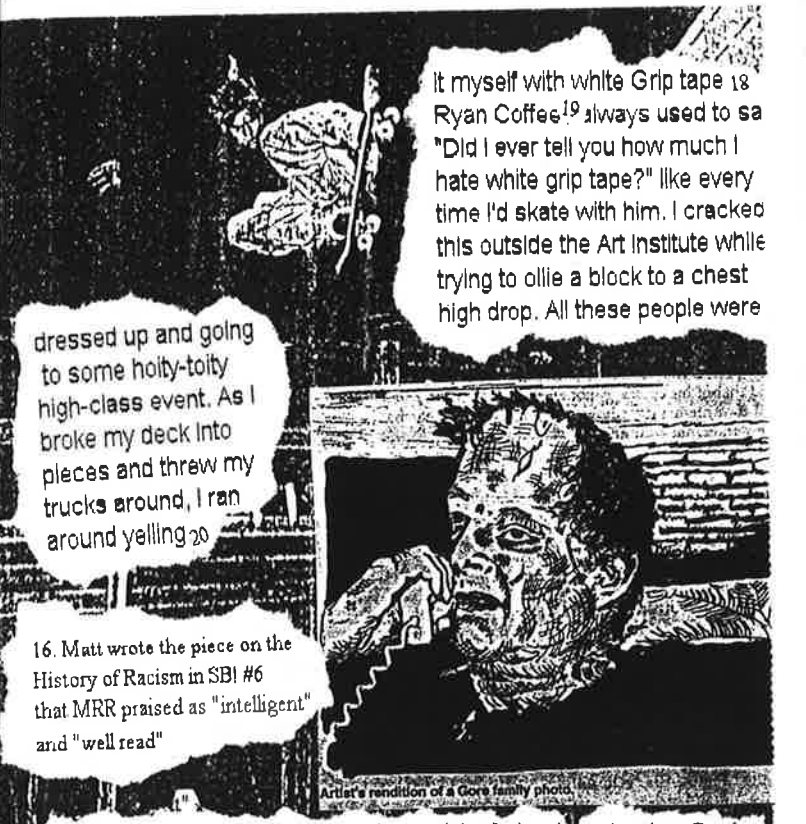



Bird`s eye view/from tree/ of
Brija s noseslide

I had spent like ...
I was doing Food Not Bombs in the morning, before we(Matt 16 and Will) went skating. It was pretty funny because we got this federalist magazine called "The Pure Evil of Al Gore" and the cover boasted the link to Gore and Hitler.

The most shocking lines were shit like "(Gore's) mentor is not FDR, but the evil Prince Philip(of the WWF), who wants a New Dark Age...It's Al Gore who worked hand-in-glove with pervert Dick Morris...)". Along with running awful pictures of him, like right before he was about to sneeze, and referring to his book as "Mein Planet", they include a drawing of him on the phone as a vegetable Frankenstein,

because they couldn't find anything that bad, because he's really an environmentalist sellout. I could talk some shit on Gore, let me tell you. This was a CZK, it's a deck that Drop-In(A skate park in New Lennox)makes. I won it in a raffle at the Plan B demo I gripped




16. Matt wrote the piece on the History of Racism in SBI #6 that MRR praised as "intelligent" and "well read"

17. We got there pretty late, I was so bummed that I missed Hensley skate. But, boy those last 3 video parts of him playing pool are just keen(note sarcasm)

18. Me mums knew these peoples that used to own a sandpaper factory(that went be up) and made stuff like non-slip strips for stairs and grip tape, so I had a bunch of rol of odd colored tape for free

19. Ryan Coffee=Art

Nidal.

I had spent like
I was doing Food Not Bombs in the

like a maniac about Al Gore and hucking my deck and stomping it into pieces. "Al Gore is a fuckin vegetable monster. He's the organic Hitler. Open your eyes, people!" It was pretty fuckin good, you should have been there. Afterwards I went over to Brija's house and everyone was drinking (his parents were out of town) and I went upstairs with this girl to his attic

bedroom to get the Welcome To Hell video and there were like 3 little kids u there. I was like Damn, he's running a sweatshop up there. I went downsta and we were like, What are all those half naked kids doing in your room? H told me to shut up, his little brother was upstairs, while he was having the party. So I'm all like "why are they in dog cages?" He started talking all this stuff like he would respect me more if I just let people live their lives. Ok, whatever, dude. Apparently, me being able to joke with him about stuff like

we used to ended when he lost the edge. Which is ridiculous because I never gave anyone any real shit for drinking. He totally turned the situation into something it wasn't. Listen I don't mind being called an asshole, just don't call me a straightedge asshole.

20. You're probably noticing I spend a lot of time running around like a maniac while skatin Acting like a loon and scaring the middle aged folk is half the fun.

Beard Toss at Drop-IN

# NUMBER NINE

## Ed Templeton

## TOY MACHINE

Listening to old mix tapes and demos from high school. I got a lot from writing this. It's so important to keep a record of certain periods of your life. My memories run thin. Like drilling holes in your hand and then trying to cup the blood but it doesn't work. It's never going to work. I get so frustrated when my good times disappear, and all there is to be learned and cherished goes with it. Writing, it's all I can do to not lose my everything. These times reflect days of my life that I'll never get back and it makes me so sick and sad. Maybe I just wish I could still be a stupid high school kid. I'm still the same as I was since, like, the 3rd grade, but the

people and places keep revolving and move to fast to hold on to. Cracked skateboards and broken friendships. Some friends just grew apart, moved our separate ways, inevitable that the paths of life would take us far apart from each other and it kills me that I can't see them everyday. The others can of course go fuck themselves, those who turned their backs on everything they were, those who gave up on the fundamentals of youth. Those that "matured". Fuck You. I believed in you. You didn't let me down, you let yourselves down. You broke your own goddamn heart. I realize not all these stories may not be that exciting to the readers who I didn't grow up skating with or aren't from my area. Well too fuckin bad. My scene has produced more rad kids then the other shitburgs around put together, pretty much if you didn't go to my high school, I probably won't like you. Thanks to anyone whose ever been down to skate. Thanks to everyone who cheered when I finally pulled my trick, cause I'd do the same for them. To the kids in high school, who took the time to break out of these bullshit expectations and have fun no matter what they were called or what was thrown at them in the halls.

An Ed Templeton pro model by Toy Machine. I was doing an ollie off some picnic tables pushed together at Spring Rock park, when the tail made the least possible crack to ruin the whole board.

SKATEBOARDING
IS NOT A CRIME
BRITTAIN

10 This is a Zoo YorK /who now advertise in Maxium, ugh/ I got from Matt, who got it from Arturi. During this summer, I would break 6 decks in 8 weeks, so they went by fast and were crappy hand me down decks so I didn't progress and they'd just break more.

11 Another Zoo York. from Mike Brazee 21 lasted about a week and a half, broke doing a simple boardslide. The graphic was of New York buildings, some lady buying a christmas present for her nephew at a skate shop, bought an extra one just to hang it on her wall.

21. Mike Brazee was Ray's little brother and only does tricks like 540 big spins instead of learning kick flips. Once I asked him if he'd been skating much. He answered that he'd been riding a banana board only for the last 2 weeks

## 12

An ATM click, it was a fat piece of shit with no tail. Lasted 5 days and broke while goin down a loading dock.

After no. I2 broke, I traded Matt Lazzara an issue of Barely Legal/He wasnt I8 yet so I'd buy him porn/ for a Toy Machine he had. It broke in 3 hours. It was really spongy. I was returning a run away dec by riding it then bomb dropping onto mine, it cracked the bottom layer I snapped it back into place and we did grass rides down the big hill at Memorial Park for about an hour.

FOURTEEN. Alien Workshop deck that Mike Lorr gave me. broke down stairs at St. Johns in less than a week.

**FIFTEEN** Those past couple of decks were pretty boring, but I was going

through them pretty fast, anyway here's a story that happened around that time. Two days in a row I came real close to being arrested, then at the final moment, the cops didn't follow through. I was probably skating an ATM deck that Jason gave me, it had the Minor Threat logo already, smeared off, oh the foreshadowing.

Tuesday-As chance would have it I was skateboarding that day with four friends/acquaintances. We were at the Harris Bank in Hinsdale(Actually, there's a lot of Harris banks in Hinsdale. There are five buildings all next to or across the street from each other). A man in a suit and a security guard came out. We decide to leave. They called at us to return. I always think it's funny when people invite you back onto their property just to kick you off. All of a sudden the man started to yell at us. He said that there were signs everywhere that said we couldn't skate there. We told him we didn't see the signs, He yelled back "Bullshit". I was feeling very calm that day and had not said anything yet, so I said to him "Excuse me sir, we didn't know that we couldn't skate here. But now that we do, we'll leave. There is absolutely no reason for you to be yelling and swearing at us. It isn't necessary."

He yelled at us some more and went off on a tirade about how skateboarders are always giving him trouble. I told him that I had never been there before and that we weren't doing any damage to the property. I wasn't yelling at him so he shouldn't be yelling at us. "It's not that hard to be civilized to one another".

He said something about how that's what I would say and as soon as one of us hurts himself, we'd sue him" If I hurt myself on a skateboard on your property, it would be clearly my own fault. What jury would claim it would be yours? I don't think you have a problem with us, I think you have a problem with

the image of skateboarders. There is no reason to take it out on us."
"We have a psychologist over here"
"You don't have to be mean or cruel. I'm just trying to talk to you normally"
The security guard turned out to be a police sergeant or lieutenant or something. It doesn't really matter to anyone anyway. He chimed in with "You're lucky he doesn't press charges. Now you still have the option to have these boys arrested" He directed this comment to the man(to obviously scare us) and turned to us. "You'd better be nice to him if I were you I'd shut my mouth"
I answer with "You asked us to leave and we'll leave. You're the one who's yelling at us for no reason""
"Oh, now you're trying to be nice, well it's too late" The bank manager snarled at me.
"That's what I'd been saying since the beginning"
He then literally got in my face and told me that we were all punks and threatened me some more. Somewhere in between this back up was called and charges were being pressed. We all stood around. By this point, I was pretty riled up by the situation. I had tried to talk to him reasonably and since he told me I was a smartass I started acting like one. A woman passed us and I informed her(rather loudly) that I was being arrested for skateboarding. She didn't seem to care. My friend Matt decided this was ludicrous and calmly announced he was leaving and started to walk away. The officer walked after him. We(in the rest of the group) whispered whether or not we should take off. But then we would have to backtrack in the opposite direction of the police officer to get to my car.

There was back up coming and we didn't want to leave Matt behind. Plus the bank manager told us to stay put, and we were oh, so frightened of him. Matt was physically brought back and complaining. I asked the bank manager if he thought this was really less of a hassle then letting us leave like we were originally doing. I then asked him why it was so bad for us to skateboard. He couldn't come up with a reason other than it was the bank's property. I told him that I didn't believe in property. I asked him how he could claim to own the earth. "90 million native americans were killed for your property, just so you can kick me off. I'm just reusing this land for a different purpose. Much like the Indians found many uses for the buffalo."

I then asked him some more questions. All he responded with was "I'm not talking to you. I'm not talking to you." as he walked away from me.

Now that the shoe was on the other foot, I guess he didn't like to be treated that way. Or maybe he didn't like being called a WASP. So anyways a bunch more stuff happened and back up came after like 15 minutes, the police station was 4 blocks away. A new cop came and asked to hear the story. We started telling the story about how we were about to leave, the bank manager took over and then we chimed in with a correction. The new pig dropped into battle stance. He crouched and pointed up his finger and bellowed "SHUT UP" at the top of his lungs. Absoludicrous. It made everyone jump. "What is wrong with you people? Can't you talk normally? What happened to decency towards others?" I was a real angel that day, I really was. Apparently the manager was supposed to talk first and then it would be our turn, it would have helped

if he explained that to everyone before his tantrum. The manager told his bullshit. He kept pointing to me and saying "This one doesn't believe in private property" Then we sat on the curb with the 3 authority figures had a discussion(that we weren't allowed to participate in. They couldn't really charge us with anything, so we were supposed to get formal letters from Harris bank that said we'd be charged with formal trespass if we every returned again. The cop tried to give us the straight dope and explain that if we wanted to skate we should go into the bank and ask first. "After all, how would you like it if someone decided to have a picnic on your driveway?"
We need more friendly and creative people, it sounded like a good idea.
"Heck, I'd bring the lemonade"
As we left some women with baby strollers asked us what had happened and we explained that we were almost arrested after I asked the bank manager to be nice to us. In conclusion, Matt's mom pulled all her accounts from out of the bank. The letters never came, we were planning on all sending Harris bank letters that said if any of their employees came onto our property they'd be arrested. Mike Brazee was dating the police chief's daughter at the time, and he scolded the officer for wasting our time.
So the very next day I go on a session with my friend Dave and Rob. We grab our bikes. We headed towards Memorial Park and stopped at Mike's house, because it was near and also because on our way there, we waited for a train and Dave picked up his bike and spun his front wheel off the last car and it popped. We tried to crudely fashion a skateboard tied under the popped wheel, but it didn't work too great, so Dave just rode on pegs. After getting Mike to come skate with us, we headed to the Roller Hockey court to skate the benches. I

was getting really frustrated and wanted to throw my deck but I had just gotten it a couple days ago and it would be foolish to start chipping it. Punching myself in the head didn't work that well either. Dave gave me a commerative coin with George Bush on it, he had gotten two(the other Reagan) from his grandfather or something. Anyway, whenever I got mad I would toss the coin at the ground and scream at George Bush. "Fuck you, and your War on Drugs, You probably brought that shit in when you were in the CIA" and the like. I still have the coin with me, it's got all these indentations on the edges and has a slight bend to it. Matt thinks it's funny to skate with me, because he'll hear me bail me trick then a slight ting and me yelling fuck. After skating, and dropping Mike off, we headed to Larimer's house but he wasn't home. We bummed around another spot, it was near a pedestrian railroad crossing. There was a ledge there. While taking a break, a train came by and we watched for graffiti and we tossed rocks at the train, kind of like skipping stones, but we were just throwing them up and trying to get them to land on the roofs of the freights. We went back to skating, a little while later 2 cop cars pulled up on both sides of the tracks. The one nearest to us, said something to the extent of we got a call saying that people were throwing rocks at the trains did you see anything? We said no and he was about to leave. The other cop walked over and had a total I'm-a-dickhead-mustache and yelled at us "Why are you throwing rocks at the train?" We told him we weren't and he was all like I'm going to have

if he explained that to everyone before his tantrum. The

the caller describe who they saw and if it matches you're all under arrest. He got on his talk box and we heard "three teenage males, one with a black shirt" A pretty perfect match. My friend Rob said just because we were here doesn't mean that we did it. We weren't even near any houses and no cares had passed by, where did the person see us. Rob was wearing a Paul's Pizza(the finest food in the western suburbs) T-shirt, so the cop asked him if he worked there. Rob answered with Paul's my friend he gave me the shirt. Which is completely true Rob went there no less than 5 times a week. The cop was said "I doubt that. Paul respects the police department" There was more stupid talk, then Rob asked the simple question of "What evidence is there that we were throwing rocks?" or something like that. The cop warned him that he better stop being a smartass. Rob said he wasn't, it is after all a normal response to question why you might be arrested. The cop told him he was under arrest for criminal trespass, being uncooperative with a police officer and something else he made up. It is ludicrous to be arrested for criminal trespass on the railroad crossing, when you're on the sidewalk, next to the place you're suppose to cross at. Rob was put into the squad car on our side of the tracks. The dick head cop crossed the street. I talked to the other officer who hadn't said anything. "Don't you think this is completely unfair? He wasn't talking back" The cop responded that there was nothing he could do, the other cop was his sergeant. Long story short they took Rob to the station, once they got there, they chained him to the wall and hurried out. A house was being broken into and the robber escaped because they didn't have enough cops on that case. Rob went to his hearing and the case was thrown out in a matter of minutes.

10

I got this deck at an A-Team demo. I was super pysched to see Muellen skate again and check out Marc Johnson, who I had planned to interview for Milpool/an old zine I used to write for/, ~~but~~ he agreed but then dicked me around. I went with Brazee. During the board toss, which is always brutal, everyone lunged forward for the deck, it skipped over a couple of hands and made its way back. Despite making eye contact over urinal stalls being tall has its perks. The deck made it to me, I bear hugged it with 2 hands andthe crowd fell on top of me. I was on my back. I had my camera in my backpack with a sweatshirt wrapped around it. 200 dollar camera bags are for sucker MCs. There were 20 kids on top of me. Brazee had his hands on it, too. He was on top of me and his lip was bleeding. My savior from above, some kid said "Get off him, he's got it" That was it. I was really in need for a ~~fuck~~. The other one was beat to shit, no nose. And I

was about to leave on a trip to California/see SB! no.4/ World Industries makes shitty graphics and shitty decks. They make all their money off dumb little kids. This deck had cracks in 4 or 5 places. It was so broke it couldn't even pay attention. I finished it off at some college in Glen Elyn.[22]

22. Glen Elyn was featured in the movie theater scene of Lucas and in the final shot of the Breakfast Club. Currently Earl Parker, schizophrenic and former Big Brother writer, resides in Glen Elyn.

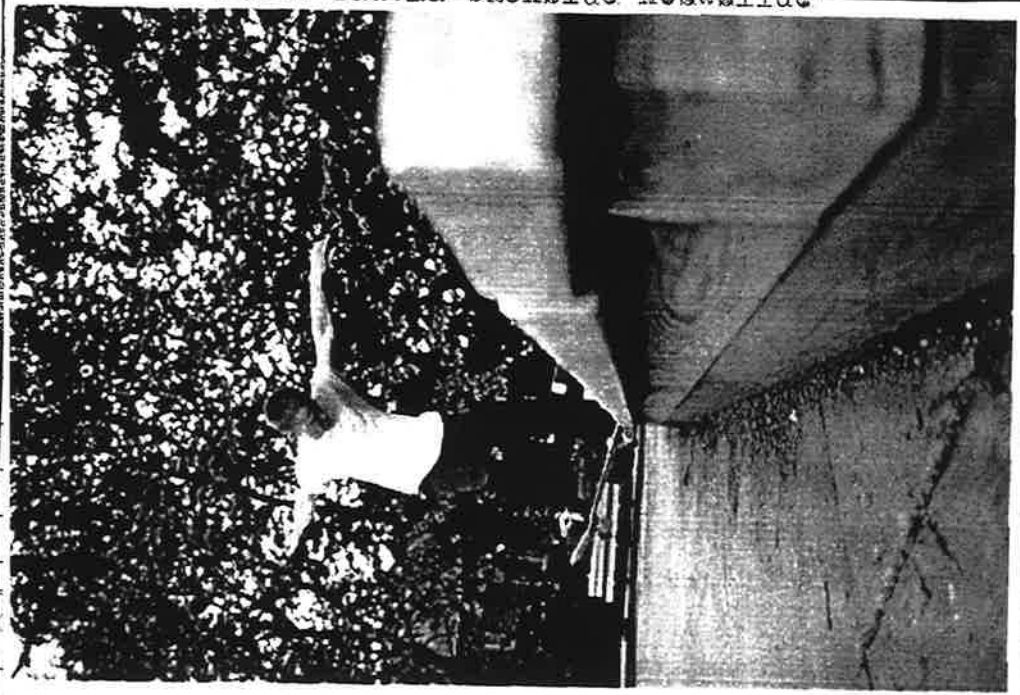
23. Me and Jason used to go from skating outside a place like Chicago Board of Trade and getting kicked out to him working there and making 30,000 or so a year. weird, Jason



THIS WAS A NEIGHBORHOOD DECK THAT HAD A BUNCH OF NUMBERS SCRIBBLED ON IT FROM WHEN I WAS ARRESTED IN CHICAGO AND THEY IMPOUNDED MY DECK (THE IMPOUND BUILDING I HAD TO GO TO (AFTER 3 OTHER PLACES THEY SAID IT WOULD BE AT) WAS A CRAZY OLE PLACE WITH IMPOUNDED SLEDS, LADDERS, AND BOXES OF INDIVIDUAL KOOL-AID PACKS AMONG OTHER THINGS). I WAS BUSTED AT THAT ANACO BUILDING DOWNTOWN WHERE JAIME THOMAS DOES THAT CRAZY GAP IN WELCOME TO HELL. I WAS SKATING WITH MY FRIEND, JASON[23] WHEN WE WERE

also stopped skating and lost the edge, but he's still a good friend of mine. I just worry about him dying inside and getting old. You always need something like skating to keep you childish and stupid, otherwise you're just old and stupid.

Jason Zadora-backside noseslide



"ARRESTED" THOUGH THEY DIDN'T READ US OUR RIGHTS OR EVEN TELL US WHAT CRIME WE WERE BEING CHARGED WITH. TO THIS DAY, EVEN AFTER GOING TO COURT FOR IT, I DON'T KNOW STILL. I GUESS THERE WAS A 'NO SKATEBOARDING' PLAQUE AT KNEE LEVEL SOMEWHERE ON THE DRIVE TO TH STATION, THE 2 MALE COPS WHERE CHECKING OUT GIRLS AND TALKING ABOUT WHICH ETHNICITIES WEREN ATTRACTIVE. I HELD MY TONGUE SINCE WE DIDN'T KNOW IF WE WERE ARRESTED OR NOT. THEY PUT US IN ACELL AND ARRESTED OUR BOARDS. WHILE FILLING OUT THE FORMS, THE COP COULDN'T FIGURE OUT THE NAME BRAND BECAUSE THE GRAPHIC WAS SLID OFF AND YOU COULD ONLY MAKE OUT A STICKER THAT SAID 'FUCK WORK' SO HE WROTE DOWN 'WORK BRAND TIL I HAD TOLD HIM. YEAH, YEAH COPS ARE DICKS. THEY YELLED AT US TO PUT OUR SHOELACES, BELT, ETC. IN THE BASKET, THEN ANOTHER YELLED AT US TO PUT IT IN SEPERATE BASKETS. A LOT OF GUYS WITH SELF ESTEEM PROBLEMS AWAY FROM THE PUBLIC EYE DOES NOT EQUAL A GOOD TIME. I ROTTED IN A OVERCROWDED CELL ON THE 14th FLOOR FOR SEVERA HOURS. 2 PEOPLE PISSED RIGHT NEAR ME. THERE WERE EVEN 2 DUMBASS REDNECKS FROM ALABAMI

**PROPERTY INVENTORY - NO.**
**CHICAGO POLICE DEPARTMENT**
**CPD-34.523 (REV. 1/98)**

2210406

LIST OTHER INVENTORY NOS RELATED TO THIS RECOVERY ☐ NONE

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| CROSS REFERENCE | RD NO |
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| LINE NO | QUANTITY | DESCRIPTION OF PROPERTY | |
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| 1 | 1 | Skateboard (~~broken~~) Dust Wheels | $ |
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EVIDENCE & RECOVERED PROPERTY SECTION USE ONLY

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CHECK ALL BOXES APPLICABLE

☐ U.S. CURRENCY TO BE DEPOSITED

☐ U.S. CURRENCY TO BE HELD IN ORIGINAL FORM - DO NOT DEPOSIT - (MUST SUBMIT TO/FROM)

☐ C.P.D. CONTINGENCY FUND MONEY

☐ GAMBLING RAID SEIZURE

☐ MEDICAL EXAMIN PROPER

☐ MISDEMEANOR ☐ FELONY

STATE CHARGES

☐ JUVENILE

☐ HOMICIDE ☐ MANSLAUGHTER

☐ ARSON

RECOVERED/SEIZED FROM NAME

IN THERE FOR POSSESSION OF POT AND UNDERAGE GIRLS. THEN THIS CRACK BABY GANGSTA CAME IN YELLING ABOUT PISSING ON THE FLOOR AND THROWING AROUND HIS SPARE CHANGE. IT TOOK ABOUT 3 OR 4 HOURS TO GET PROCESSED AND JASON WAS ABLE TO CALL HIS DAD (WHO WAS A SERGENT IN THAT VERY BUILDING A COUPLE YEARS PREVIOUS) I DON'T REALLY LIKE JAY'S DAD, BUT HE GOT US OUT OF THERE AND HELPED TO GET THE CHARGES (IF THEY EVEN EXISTED) DROPPED. I'VE BEEN IN JAIL TWICE AND NEVER HAD MY MOM KNOW (SHHHH) WHILE I WAS BEING FINGERPRINTED. THE GUY'S IN THE CELL ASKED WHAT WE WERE IN FOR. JASON SAID SKATEBOARDING AND THEY ALL LAUGHED "DID YOU KILL SOMEBODY WITH A SKATEBOARD?" BASICALLY, THEY NEVER REALLY HAVE ANYTHING TO PIN ON YOU, BUT TRY TO CAUSE AS MUCH OF A HASSLE FOR YOU ASS POSSIBLE. I HAD TO TAKE OFF SCHOOL TO GO BEFORE A JUDGE SO HE COULD WARN ME NOT TO SKATE THERE ANYMORE.

- THIS DECK WAS BROKEN BY ME AT A VIADUCT OUTSIDE OF LAS VEGAS.

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Mike/Brazee/-Why don't you skate instead of just sitting there?
Lil shit-Cuz I'm masterbating
Mike-Well, why didn't you say so, I'd help you out.
All/shocked reaction/
Lil Shit-Oh my god, I can't believe you said that. Are you gay?
Scene 2
Mike-I'm going to skate past those kids and my pants are accidently going to fall down.
Mark- Ok, you go do that
Scene 3
Mike-/skates by and moons them/
All-/wave of disguist and calls of child molester.

"The blood it will rain
Eat the fucking rain
Sky is so much clearer when
you're lying on the ground
can't dismiss the wreck or all
the broken decks" -Jazz

element deck, Dave
gave me. It
was kind of wide

-skate, ollie,
skate, ollie (repeat)

-At NIU student
Center, I broke the
tail doing
an ollie over the ledge
& past the dirt
gap. (wow, fascinating)

# TWENTY ONE

I picked up like 4 decks from my friend Ben[24] for like 20 bucks a piece. This one was a shitty HookeUps deck that snapped on the first layer the er y first time I went skating. I was oing 180s down sets of stairs, 2 ecks later it broke on the same trick. 'd like to mention that during all hese decks I never snapped one while earing sideburns, truth be told I just an't grow them. And lets face it, nicks dig the chops. The closest I an come to grow facial hair is a lot f chin scruff and very long neck hairs. suppose I could grow them out and braid them like a guitarist for a orn/new metal band. The only girls I ould pick up then are ones into moking refer and cutting themselves nd that just ain't my scene, man.

# Twenty Two

I broke a Zero deck trying to kickflip 3 stairs at a church in Hinsdale and fucked up my ankle good. So, this issue came out

24. Ben used to work at SportsAlternative.com, which was run by a couple kids who were n the Monsignors, but then quit cause they got to be businessmen and he didn't like the vay they were treating the kids. They sold the company for $10 grand. Ben bought up heir old stock and was going to sell decks, but did under wholesale price and just never aid them up. In conclusion, Ben's rad. He also used to live down the street from the

like 4 months later than it should. It took a long while to create/not including those 6 years of breaking decks/. I think I've exhausted the subject/I mean that thing about sideburns, really! Wha that got to do with anything?/ Plus computers kept breaking on me. The comp uter lab in COD just completly shut dow 3 times while trying to scan photos. I between busted ankles and school breaks I got it down and it's not even that great. So, um...Record reviews will be in next issue/thanks to everyone who sent stuff in and their patience. Also a big ups to Dischord for the ad, you could all learn from their example/

Epilouge-I broke another deck while writing this

Right now-The Muppets are playing against the Dixie Chicks and friends on an episode of Family Fued. crazy. Kermit's team lost, and the Chicks gota total o like 34 instead of 200K, sad, its all an exercise in thought conformity anyway. But they did do a good job of hiding the puppeters.

PS-Matt, get well soon or else I'll pound ya.

Fun at the abonded waterpark
with Jon and Bob

# VIDEO REVIEWS

Black Label
Label Kills
About a hour long and it kills all the way through. This goes right up there with Toy Machine videos. It starts out with Jason Adams skating to the Charlie Daniels band. It's raw and gives a nod to the old school. Also included are local Chicagoites Jub and Patrick Melcher. There's a bit of washed up parts by Hensley and Grosso(although his parts not bad) Word on the street is that Valley kept delaying his part and then hurt his ankle, his parts great if you like watching someone push for about 3 minutes. The Ams show him up. Incredible shit here by Alfado, Gilley, Hassan, Agah, Gagne, Stivak and more. The way it was put together gives it an artistic quality that is done with a lot of hesh thrown in. You have to see it, period. Highlight:The skater who works at the skate shop a block away from my house skates to the band that went to my high school.

Real Skateboards-Real to Reel
Real has always been a company more likely to deal in artistic endeavors. This is a more artsy video so it was put together very well. Great still photography both open and close the video. There's a lot of filler in this video. There's a lot of just standard tricks that bore you. How exciting can a frontside flip down 8 stairs be when its practically in everyone's part in

every skate video that came out this year. Tricks are super crazy right now and just keeping the status quo, so to speak. Not really buttering my bread. There's a lot of parts I fast forward through. JT Aultz and Dennis Busenitz's parts are good. Cario Foster's is well above par. Keith Hufnagel, as always is excellent. He does a lot of rapid ollies from bench to bench that are amazing and show his board control. Max Schaff, the vert skater, pretty good since I hate watching vert usually. Mark Gonzales makes this video, he's 30 something and blows everyone away. It's just his whole creative force. He brings anything to the table and makes it fantastic. Fuck Tony Hawk, if anyone brought the most innovation and created new tricks it was the Gonz. The first handrail, Darkslides, his whole flow and style-Amazing. I hear at contests he just shows up, never enters just skates between heats never doing the same trick twice and just fuckin rips.
Highlight-A thing broke in the actual tape and it refused to play. What a shoddy tape I thought, I opened it up with a screw driver and set everything back in place. So it was easily fixed.

Anti Hero
Promo
This is only 2 songs long. It's just a teaser till the full length comes out. Anti Hero's always been a smaller company but with a loyal hessian following. Transition skating, they find any spot or park in the US and beyond(3rd World too) and show up the locals. Anti Hero is just about piling in a van with your buddies and fuckin destroying anything in your way. Awesome. Their videos are always rad, so I'm psyched on what's to come next. Cardial, Stanger, Trujillo (still in high school too I think, goddamnit)
Highlight-Jogging with girls track

Tilt mode Army
Man Down
This video is fuckin awesome. Guys from Enjoi with Black label, and a host of others fucking around and having fun. Top of the pops goes to Jerry Hsu, Louie Barelta, and Jason Adams. This thing's over an hour long and filled with creative fantastic tricks. There's a lot of filler, guys doing tricks that are like so 4 years ago, which looks worse when compared to the greatness of some people and dork tricks. With pros nowadays there's a difference between pushing the sport and just keeping up. I don't want to watch videos of guys 3 steps behind. This videos a hour long so there is some a lot of different skateboarders. Casewell Berry, the new pro for Toy Machine skates good Marc Johnson been disappointing me since he went bald, but his part is not with out a few highlights.
Highlight:This video kept selling out, everytime I tried to get a copy of it at the skate shop, that should tell you something.

CKY3
Damn, everything you've come to expect from the CKY videos is in here, but done better. Better video equipment and no crappy sketches. Shopping carts, fucking with people in their sleep, naked peoples, and feces. The thing is most people have already seen it. Hell, I still think it's way better than the redundancy of Jackass(AKA CKY lite). In this installment, you get a poo dollar, running full speed while shiting, jumping onto a moving car, Bam pisses on his Dad's face while sleeping, and more. Definitely worth watching
Highlight: Oh yeah, the music still sucks.

Skateboarding:Space and the City by Ian Boeing
This book is fuckin rad. I totally got so into what the author was saying, I wish there were more books like this. Hands down it had me giggling and in deep though through out. It intellectualizes a bunch of dirty skate rats. It deals primarily with skating and it's relation to architecture. It's based on a lot of the philosophy of this guy, Lefebre, whose says architecture is not just about buildings, history, who built it and what not, but it's relation to space and mood, where a high-rise is in regards to the landscape or what people use it for. The book states architecture is not made once but remade each time someone interacts with it. It speaks of terms like zero architecture and the space above the ramps. It has this great leftist slant to it that at times compares skaters with anarchists. It discusses subculture, history, terrains, process and explains it in fancy intellectual terms, but is written by someone who does skate so there's a lot of truth and heart to it. The most important point it made in relation to skaters and their environment is that, architecture determines people's actions and roles. It tells them who they are. But skateboarders defy this by using architecture or bits of it for their own use. They have already established their identity, rather than a reflection to the architecture.
Highlight:There's a photo of Donny Barley doing a smith grind down a handrail. The caption reads "A sudden eruption of meaning against the utilitarian message of the handrail". Brilliant, but also shit your pants funny in a way.

Back Issues
are available for a buck each or $5 for all
no. I-haggard layout,photo of Muellen doing a darkslide he didn't pull
no.2-KungFu Rick, overthinking Bad News Bears movies, contributions
no.3-Ed Templeton interview/also on EDtempleton.com and sportsalternative.com,w/out my permission.and my lawyers are none too happy/,filler, worst issue
no.4-trainhopping, shoplifting, hash brown fights
no.5-D4,a photo of ALF, stuff!!!
no.6-this one actually has lots of strange stories in it-my hair caught fire in church, little kids shitting on sidewalks, trying to catch squirrels with oven mitts, title is spelled wrong too
no.7-good Honor System interview, the cover is green!

Ad Rates
8.5x5.5-10 dollars
5.5x4"-5 dollars
-the zine is usually half-sized-

Next Issue
a special fashion issue! You've been warned, out soon.

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